

THE
ALL-CONQUERING GENIUS
OF THE

Most Potent, and most Serene PRINCE

JAMES II.

KING of *England, Scotland, France*
and *Ireland, &c.*

DISPLAY'D IN A

HEROICK STANZA

Occasion'd by HIS happy Accession to the Crown.

Whereunto his annexed

A CONGRATULATION to both their MAJESTIES,
By way of an ODE, exciting the Nymphs to perform their Duty as usual at *Hymens*.

By T. R. d. L.

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Horatius de Art. Poet.

— Tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praecepta
Utiliumque sagax rerum, & divinae futuri,
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.



To His Most Excellent Majesty
JAMES the II.
KING of England, Scotland, France
and Ireland, &c.

Dread SIR,

TIS not a flattering Muse, appears
before your Sovereign Throne; for
she pays her devotion to Your Ma-
jesties Royal Person, rather than to Your
Fortune. Her Theme is Your Princely
MIND, exceeding the Pythagorean World-
supporting Intelligence; by the Conduct of
which Pilot Your Triumphant Argo, did at
last overcome all dangerous Gulphs and Creeks,
smoothly gliding into the harbour of a Fleece,
far Richer than that of Colches. In a
word, 'tis not the Hand-maid, but the Mi-
strefs I adore, even Your Majesties All-
conquering Genius, which by its Regular
stedfastness, is able not only to Triumph over
Fortune, but also to make it.

A 2

True

True it is, my Vein is shallow, not being
embodiy'd in the more-luxuriant Channel
of Your British Parnassus; yet, since it
breaths Devotion, I am apt (upon that
score) to think, it shall not prove unwel-
com; because it will, though proceeding from
the sandy and barren Pile, help (in some
measure) to bear up, the Sovereign Ark
of Your Majesties, unquestioned Grandeur.
Perhaps she cannot promise to this Divine
Fabrick (for a support) a gold-streaming
Hydaspes; yet she shall appear to flow as
Loyally, as the Palm full of Water, pre-
sented unto mighty Cyrus, by yon famous
Persian Peasant; being poured out at the
brink of Your twice-surrounding Ocean, by

Dread Sovereign,

Your Majesties

most dutiful and most
faithful Adorers

T. R. d. L.

(1)

THE
ALL-CONQUERING GENIUS
OF THE
Most Potent and most Serene PRINCE
JAMES II.

KING of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, &c.

IN A HEROTICK STANZA, &c.

AND now doth **JAMES**, in spite of *Envoy* reign,
Swaying his *Scepter* peacefully: If *Art*
By false Reflexions; outward *show* doth gain,
The end shall *show*, 'twas but a *Mimick part*.

II.

The Standard of his **PRINCELY** course, was **MIND**
Rul'd not by *Chance*, but *Vertue* and the train
Of *Silent Patience*; which in Him refin'd
Did *Fates* and *Fortunes* poyson'd darts disdain.

III.

Thus riseth *David*, thus great **CAESAR** climbs
To *Scepters* Glory; Thus an *Ark* depress'd:
By stormy *Waves*, unto *Ararat* swims;
Though to the Eye, with *pregnant Sayls* not dress'd.

IV.

For *Chance* by *Judgment* being over-sway'd
Will shrink, and be discarded from its *Rule*,
Yea all the *Trencher* it, against it lay'd
Must prove a *Bubble*, and an empty *Tool*.

A 2

V.

V.

And if this, sometimes held in *lesser bowels*
 Whose *active Lump*, made *Monarchies* to start !
 It doubtless, must take place in *Princely Souls*,
 Where *Jupiter*, displays his chiefest Art.

VI.

No wonder then, that by His constant Wit
 Great *JAMES* or'came all Storms which *Athens* cou'd
 Blow on *Miltiades* ; or that *HE* hit
 The *White*, without the *crimson streams* of blood.

VII.

His *Soul Divine*, did laugh at *Mens* device
 And Peace contriv'd, when they were most for War :
 Their *Practices*, not *them*, it did despise
 From *Fierceness* them, and not *their* Rights debarr.

VIII.

Like *Jupiter*, when *Giants* mountains heap'd
 To chase *him* out of his immortal Den,
HE from their *boyling blood*, no vengeance reap'd
 But only turn'd it, into milder *Men*.

IX.

Ingratitude, could not *His Mind* exclude
 From th' Interest of *theirs* : Yea, tho' *they were*
Busy, by *Fancies* People to delude
 (Thus that *Astrea*, left her mortal *Sphere*

X.

For grief and just disdain : When *Chattam* groan'd
 For her Preservers spotted *Laurel* : When
 The *Chain* of *Tames*, her *Darling's* fate bemoan'd
 He only strove to make them milder *Men*.

XI.

And being great, He clemently was tame
 When *Fierceness* He could use, He was but calm :
 With goodness *HE* did varnish *Envies* Frame
 Thus, to its *Biter*, *Gilead* drops *Balm*.

XII.

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XII.

Hence *Angeronia*, is now cut off
From fair *Volupia's* Altar, where she stood
Too long : And, justly is, by *Charon's* staff
Convey'd for ever to the *Stygian* Flood.

XIII.

For tho' great *Jove*, a *Diamond* string did make
To knot both *Joy* and *Sorrow* ; He did find
A means whereby this *Gordian* to break ;
Greater than *Thracian* ; JAMES'S Princely Mind.

XIV.

By *this* the *Chain* is cut ; by *this* HE sways
His ancient *Scepter* ; And declares He will
Press narrowly, His *Predecessor's* ways
Supporting, Church and State establish'd, still.

XV.

And now *black Malice*, what canst thou preface ?
Thy *Fears* are vain ! a KING hath spoke ; Recall
He will not ! Spend thy force and teeth of rage
On thy *Pragmaticks* ; But let HIM be *All*.

XVI.

None can conceive a *Change*, as matters stand,
But those, that would stir up *Cadmean* bowels ;
And coveting the *Fatness* of the Land
Instead of *Salt* do harbour *wiry* Souls.

XVII.

JAMES doth not scatter painted words as *Thon*
Who *Protheus-like*, dost but for Int'rest change :
He, to all *Circes* Men, proclaims *Adieu* !
And next to *Conscience*, doth his *Impire* range.

XVIII.

He hat's those *Flatt'ries*, *Alexander* prais'd ;
He hat's a *Posture*, moulded out of frame,
And scorns *Religion* by *Reflexion* rais'd,
Nay doth reject it, from his *Diadem*.

XIX.

He for *Obedience* to his *Crown* doth look
 And knows; it can with th' *inward Arts* agree
 Of *Conscience*; which, as yet HE never shook.
 Nor will a *Rise* to any for it be.

XX.

Permitting *Pallas* to spread into *Streams*
 Distinct in *Taste* and *Nature*, in each *Vein*,
 If she but pays due tribute to the *beams*
 Of *Jupiter*, and lets Him steer the *mata*.

XXI.

Thy *Peace*, is th' onely *Prize* of all his *toy*,
 Thy *Fame* and *greatness*, is his onely *Thought*;
 These, by *new Fashions*, He will not *turn*oyl,
 He knows, such *Blessings*, are by *Concord* wrought.

XXII.

Hence, *Loyal Hearts*, in such a *PRINCE* rejoyce,
 Who leaves thee free, both *right* and *left*: whole *eye*
 Doth scorn a *Changeling*: Be glad in thy *choice*,
 Permitting *others*, to dream of their *skies*.

XXIII.

These that will gaze at *shadows*, are but *vain*:
 Stick thou to *Juno*; And persuaded be
 Whatever, *mischief*, breeds a *scattered* brain;
 Thoult scape the *clashings* of old *Centaur*.

XXIV.

For *JAMES* is good, His like, no *Age* did know;
 Yea, though *Heav'n* would the *golden Age* restore,
 A better *PRINCE*, they never could bestow
 On *Earth*, nor blest it with a *richer flower*.

XXV.

And now, great *PRINCE*; My *Muse* to *Wishes* turns
 Short of *Thy* *Worth*; yet take them as they come
 They'r true: My *Soul*, with clear *Devotion* burns,
 Albeit *Thy* *Splendor*, doth my *heart* benum.

XXVI.

Let Thy *Triangular Kingdom* be a *Ring*,
 In *circular Proportion* always spread :
 Till *Lillies* spin : And bowing to their King
 Inammel fearly, *Ross RUBIES* bed.

XXVII.

Hence let *Archimedes* above, contrive
 That none thy pleasant *Circle* may outdare,
 But ; if to shew his pow'rful skill he strive,
 Then, of a *Circle* let him make a *Square*.

XXVIII.

Let not *Narcissus*, think Thee void of Pow'r,
 For *Jupiter*, will by a single stroke,
 At thy request, shake *Legions* in an hour
 Of *British* Hearts, from old *Dodona's Oak*.

XXIX.

If *quiet* was the charm of *some* ; 'Tis not
 Thy *Mind*, to wear a *Crown* at such a rate :
 An *active Soul* hath fallen to Thy Lot ;
 Thy *Conquests*, and Thy *Arm*, shall make Thee great.

XXX.

Undaunted *England* is now train'd to bear
 The *Toyls* of *Mars*, and to improve their *Arms*
 To make the *Cont'nent*, tremble at Thy *Spear*,
 And make their *Rocks*, to shrink at Thy *Alarms*.

XXXI.

Methinks I hear Thy *Warlike Captains* shout,
 I hear the *Britain Lyons* fiercely roar,
 I see the *Martial Wheel* now turn'd about,
 And *German Eagle*, by Thy help, to soare

XXXII.

When *Thracian Fields*, shall be but chafing *Plains*,
 Then shall *Great JAMES'S* ammunition ground
 Become a *Martial Camp* ; His fatal chains
 Shall bring his *Captives*, more than string'd ; for, bound.

XXXIII.

Great JAMES is known : *His Valour* many felt,
His Courage shook both Sea and Land : *His Spear*
 Made *Belgick Lyons*, trembling heart to melt
 Like *Butter* in the Sun, for *Pannick* fear.

XXXIV.

Yea *Lillies* fainted without JAMES his hand,
 And were defended by *His Sovereign Steel*,
 Why may not *they* be now brought to a stand
 And be transplanted, like *Navarra's Wheel*.

XXXV.

And when *Thy Trumpets* sound, *Thy Lions* roar,
Thy Drums are beating on the *Continent*
 Let fair *Lucina*, be on th' *Engliſh Shoar*
 And *morning Rainbow*, by *Lucina* sent.

XXXVI.

Let th' *first* bring PRINCES from th' *HESPERIAN Ribs*,
 The *second*, Plenty on *Thy* pleasant *Land* :
 Let HIM, whose *Royal Cradle* was a *Crib*,
 Unto them both, their *Watching-word* command.

XXXVIII.

Till *Time* expires, let not *Thy Empire* fall,
 Let JAMES his *Hand* all stubborn *Giants* shake,
 His *Triumphs*, may have then a *Funeral*
 When *Water, Skie* and *Earth* by *ſeaſes* break.

XXXVIII.

Thus, long live JAMES and MARY great ! Let *Fame*
 Cry loud Your *Grandeur, Riches* and *Renown* ;
 Till *Jove* conveys You by the *milky ſtream*
 To *Ceſar's Soul*, and *Ariadne's Crown*.



AN

A N O D E

Inviting the *Nymphs* to congratulate the
Accession to the *Crown* of *England*, *Scot-*
land, *France* and *Ireland*, of their Most
Excellent Majesties, *JAMES* the II.
and *MARY* His Royal Consort.

I.

YOU smooth *Neptunian Daughters*, come to shore,
We wait on you ; and do allure
Your high *Ligurian Pile*.
Let not swift *Ganges*, by his golden store
Keep you secure,
Nor *PO*, by whirlings, discompose your file.

II.

Tread on a breast, sweet *Nymphs*, and bring the *Lyre*,
You must strike up a charming Tune,
For *JAMES* and *MARY* are
New-marry'd: Therefore Candor do inspire
Into the *Moon*,
And let *Latona's* Off-spring keep the Rear.

III.

They Married are unto a *Three-fold Crown*,
A *three-fold Hymen* therefore sing ;
You'll here with *Roses* meet,
Nor will the *Thistle* tear your Numbers down ;
And *Ireland's* string
Will make your *Harp*s in harmony run sweet.

IV.

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IV.

But when you'r past the *Pyrenean Hill*,
Bring each of you a *Lillies stalk*,
They hither do belong :
By this exploit you'l all Pretences kill,
And freely walk
In *Thames's* bed, and sing an endless Song.

V.

Repeating always, Long live *Queen and King*,
Of *England, Scotland, Ireland, France*,
Great *MARY* and Great *JAMES*,
Let *Cesar* dare a *Pompey* ; let His *String*
Make *Cockrills* dance,
— And let *Sequans* bow to mighty *Thames*.

FINIS.



